to the lighthouse and to the unpretentious and not uninteresting monument which the great navigator set up after taking the transit of Venus for the Royal Society whose name has been given to the entire group. Cook was a man to honour indeed, despite everything. If they had all been Cooks who landed in Tahiti the island might have been spared the worst of its ills. But Cook unlocked a door whose key he could not keep, and—well, we will not go down to the monument. Any guide book or encyclopedia will take you there. I want you in the Desolate Valley.

On then. The sea-coast becomes arrestingly beautiful in a mile or so. The charm of Tahiti is its variety, and here you will see what you little expect. There is no reef. Through storm-tossed and twisted casuarinas you can look down to an iron-girt coast where the waves break in fury in the trades. It is reminiscent of Brittany

or Corn-
wall. Block out the palms and come here on some
day of high wind and overcast sky, and you will
see the rollers thunder in from the Pacific as they
do more familiarly from the Atlantic. And per-
haps that the little leper settlement is on thfe